

## HENRY H. ROGERS

## Pen Portrait of Once Active Head of Standard Oil

Genial and Companionable, He Has Many Friends and Is Praised for His Americanism—His Generosity

New York.—When a man like Henry H. Rogers drops out of the active business world wherein he made so striking a figure, his friends are prone to become anecdotal about him. Hence stories that take on a romantic tinge in bank parlors and directors' rooms, and in the chatty corners of the exchange, not to speak of the shipping offices near the water front. If Mr. Rogers feels like resuming the ways of Bowling Green in a few months or so he will find a reconstructed Rogers looking at him from every corner, and whom he may have some little difficulty in recognizing.

The tall, erect figure of a well-dressed man with whitening hair and white moustache, who somehow reflected in his ripe age of 67 the graces that he cultivated a quarter of a century back, is, however, the figure that



Rogers Library, Fairhaven.

his friends will recognize. His photographs have done him the 'doubtful service of giving him a proud, rather haughty, air, as of one who marshals hosts of facts and figures and who is always bent on hard achievement. It is the familiar trick of the camera to pick out in the self-conscious moment that one stands before it the traits that are at the root of character rather than those that are familiar to everybody.

## The Habit of Victory.

"Take all great men of business," said a banker, "H. H. loved affairs better than anything else. It was not the struggle for the sake of the fight, but for the end in view. As soon as he won he passed on without a halt to try another tilt, and he had what is important, the grit for a long climb, and what, believe me, is most important, the habit of victory."

"Men like the heads of the Standard Oil company are no accidents," said a sharp observer. "They were tried out in a hundred ways before they came to control. It was the many-sidedness of H. H. Rogers that made his uprise a necessity in that remarkable group headed by John D. Rockefeller. I don't know any of the qualities they possess that is not common in the business world of America. They are no better and no worse than the thousands of men engaged in the conduct of the higher business of the country, but each one has had some quality notably in excess of the average. Their combination has been ir-

Broughton, Mrs. W. R. Coc, and Mrs. W. E. Benjamin, have already provided him with nine grandchildren. And he is proud of them in a way usual to grandparents, and one day find their pictures making cheerful his roomy office at 25 Broadway.

From this lovable domestic side one travels easily to his general social outlook. That can best be described as frankly American. He is too sensible of the value of his position as a man of wealth to underestimate its possibilities. He mixes easily in society, entertains on a generous scale, with an eye to the elegancies so easily within his reach, but he enjoys most the company of the gifted, the genial and the witty, for he rather leans to saying good things himself and is never happier than when he applauds a smart saying or a good story. A quiet game of cards for the love of the game in congenial company is his occasional pastime. He has never developed the fondness for field games that pleased him in his youth. He has taken easily to the automobile, but, like all good sons of the saltwater, his liking for the sea has grown with the years.

## At Home on His Yacht.

Nowhere is he perhaps more genial, at home than on his yacht. No hurry that sends men to express trains is allowed to interfere with his yachting runs to Fairhaven. Hence the Kanawha is about as well known as Mr. Morgan's Corsair around the waters of New York. But it is in Fairhaven itself that he fairly revels in life as he thinks he would like to live it. There he was born and reared, and his affection for the town and the bay and the country road is extravagant in its manifestations. There, in his frequent visitings, it is his delight to move about and chat with all and sundry old cronies of half a century gone, who call him "Hen"; sons and daughters of old friends who are middle-aged men and women salute him as Mr. Rogers, and third generation little ones, who regard him open-eyed as the local representative of a magnificent providence. Said a newspaper man recently: "I couldn't find anybody there who would say anything but kindness of H. H. Rogers."

## Generous to Fairhaven.

He surely has been good to Fairhaven, which picturesque village looks across Buzzard's Bay to New Bedford, ancient home of whalers and all the romance and business that came of their seafaring. There he built a great mansion for himself and beautiful grounds, and there he loves most to live when away from work. But he alone was not to be the only Fairhavenite who was finely housed. He built and presented to the citizens a handsome town hall and a Masonic hall.

On the death of Millicent, a beloved daughter, he built a beautiful public library as a memorial. It is called the Millicent Library, and has the highest record in the country for books taken out and read in proportion to the contents of its shelves. The village wanted water works and H. H. Rogers provided them. That they might be doubly useful to Fairhaven, he deeded the income from them to the Millicent Library forever.



Country Home of Henry H. Rogers in Fairhaven.

resistible, because his action has been continuous. His steady business pressure, his suave method, his commercial reliability have been due, I have no doubt, to John D. Rockefeller, but I have no doubt, either, that his tremendous outreach and conquering courage have been greatly due to the imaginative side of the temperament of Henry H. Rogers. He has inherited the pioneer spirit."

## His Domestic Life.

A man always happy in his domestic relations and devoted to his family, Mr. Rogers has been accumulating the patriarchal with the regularity of his increase in other wealth. He has been twice married, and his son, Henry H. Rogers, Jr., and his three surviving daughters, Mrs. Urban R.

so that draughts from the pierian spring might supplement satisfaction of the ordinary thirst of the villagers.

## Commissioner of Highways.

He built a grammar school and a Unitarian church, with a parish house and parsonage, altogether one of the most complete and handsome edifices in Massachusetts. He became, at universal request, commissioner of highways, and thereafter never were streets so looked after. He turned low land into a park, beautified the highways and byways, furnished a stone approach to the bridge over the Acquashet river and, lest the traveler might think ill of Fairhaven's hostelry, erected the handsome Tabitha Inn—name suggestive of New England neatness and quality.

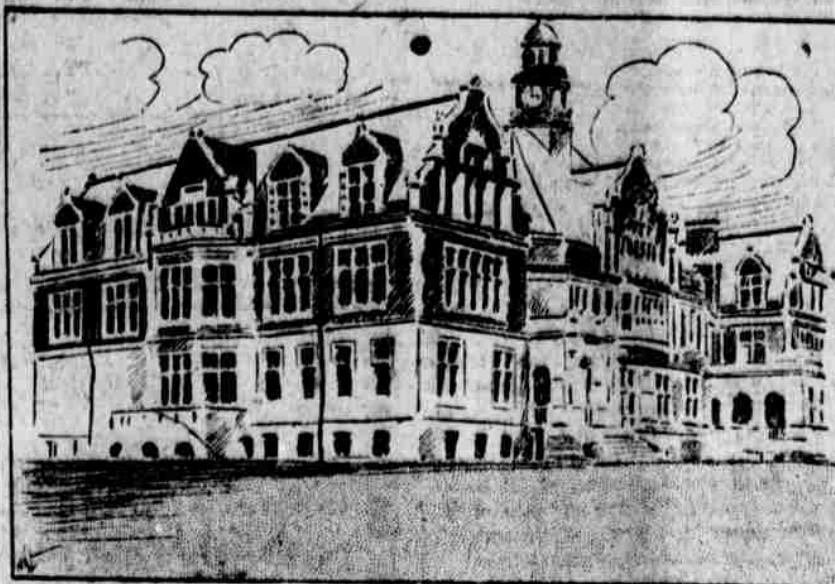
It was in 1856 that Henry Rogers was graduated from the high school at Fairhaven, and it appeared to him that there was still something else to build as the fiftieth anniversary of that event approached. So he called for his merry men all, and commissioned them to build and equip the finest high school ever, and as it went up he watched it and nursed it as a mother might a growing child. And now, with its wonderful fittings, its gymnasium, its class rooms, its offices, it is at once the most luxurious and practical building of the kind in the world.

"What is at the bottom of all this home love and passion for local adornment?" a friend of his was asked.

"It is his Americanism," was the answer. "He loves his people and would see them second to none in the world."

## Taking Life Easy.

Mr. Rogers is taking life easy now, and obeys the behests of his doctor with a smiling acquiescence that conceals whatever impatience he may feel at unwonted restraint. You noticed the other day that he had Mark Twain with him on a short yacht cruise. Well, that was not the first time they had foregathered in the cabin after a day of steaming in the open. Men like Mr. Clemens and the late Tom Reed are the type he most prizes for companions—they should



The Fairhaven High School.

be bright and brainy both. Of a winter evening when he lives in town he may spend a few hours at one of his clubs—the Metropolitan, say. There he would be apt to gather a group of bright people and smoke a single cigar while good things went around.

I heard him once tell of meeting a whaling captain whom he had known as a lad 40 years before. He took his old comrade about the town and the countryside, identifying old landmarks together. The captain had been away six years from home and was to sail on a new voyage the next day. "I'm going aboard now, Hen," he remarked. "And won't you go home first and tell your wife goodbye?" I asked, "Blazes, no," replied the whaler, "I'm only to be gone two years." That seemed, he said, the most extraordinary utterance he had ever heard. He saw the humor of it, but to a home-lover it seemed sacrilege.

When the new high school was about to be opened I spent an afternoon with him, and our talk turned quite naturally on education. What he said then is about as good a key to the man and his opinions as anything I can think of, and this is the drift of it:

## High School Best Outfit.

"For the boy starting out in life who is anxious to succeed in business I believe that the ordinary high school education is the best outfit."

"He is master of the ordinary implements of business life, whether it be mechanical or commercial—that is, he can read, write, spell and figure. He has at least a foundation of general knowledge. Our American high schools, too, cultivate a sense of the greatness of the country which inspires him with confidence in her future and hence in his own. I speak now more particularly of what may be called the country schools, which I know best. The high school boy has had set for him a standard of good conduct, that give-and-take, which is the necessity of all civilized social conflict."

"His great advantage over the college bred man is that he gets his start in life at 16 or 17 years of age, as against the 21 or 22 years of the college graduate. The high school graduate is proud enough in his way of what he has accomplished in getting his class standing, but he does not bring his pride with him when he is going to work or looking for a job. On the other hand, the college man who is not entering one of the professions is apt to have more pride than the situation warrants, and that is a hampering thing. He is expecting the world to come to him rather than he should set out with eager heart to discover the world."

## Had Mechanical Bent.

"As for myself, I was very eager to go to work after graduating, and in fact did go to work in less than a week from the day I left school as a graduate. My father and I were agreed that I should take up the trade of machinist, but there was no chance. Apprenticeships were limited even at that time as much as they are now. The machine shops within reach were full, so I had to look in another direction. I wanted to be at work and I found work. I was proud to get three dollars a week to begin."

"My father said to me, 'Make your

hand able to support your head, and maybe your head will learn to time to support your hand.' It was worth a whole volume of maxima to me. I never forgot it, and for the 11 years following I worked with my hands. No doubt I was born with a mechanical bent, but when, in 1868, I entered the oil refining business in Brooklyn I had an equipment of mechanical knowledge and experience that gave me a special value, and I may say that I exacted a money return for it. My mechanical knowledge and aptitude were of great advantage to me with my young competitors in the business, and, indeed, with many, if not most, of the older ones."

## Great Opportunities To-day.

"What, I am asked, is the young high school boy's chance now as compared with 50 years ago? The cry is general that it is much less than it was then. Is that so? It is emphatically not so. The chances for the high school boy now are many times greater than they were then. People count too much by the conditions they find in their immediate surroundings. They don't look at it in a broad enough way. Remember that in 1856 I seemed to find closed to me a trade that has since grown with the country's growth, in a proportion far greater than the increase in population. Think of the number of machine shops in the country now com-

pared with then. Not only that, but think of the increased average of output or the total of machinery of the United States to-day compared with 50 years ago.

"We are truly in the way of having the whole world as our market. Our cotton, wheat and corn, our coal, iron and copper, our gold and silver, our oil and all its by-products, not to speak of all the manufactures that arise out of these and which call for more and more millions of workmen—these are the great fields open for the effort of the young men just out of school. And these United States alone will some day be the home of 500,000,000. In this great opportunity of to-day, and this multiplying prospect of to-morrow, the high school boy may surely find all that any age has presented, or ever will present."

## TO CROSS ATLANTIC IN DAY.

Inventor of New Gliding Boat Is Extremely Optimistic.

"Within a few years," says William G. Fitzgerald, in Technical World Magazine, "the crossing of the Atlantic, with its 3,000 miles of stormy sea, will be a mere pleasure excursion of 30 hours in length. The marvelous boat, invented by Peter Cooper Hewitt, which is supported by planes which glide or skim through the water, is expected to cut down the length of the trip to Europe to a day and a quarter, at the same time doing away with most of the danger of an ocean voyage."

"My first model," Mr. Hewitt told the Technical World, "was entirely supported by the planes at 16 miles an hour; the flotation hull being entirely out of the water at that speed. I found, too, that the area of the planes should decrease with the speed for economy and safety. So far, speed has only been limited by the propeller, but the craft will gradually improve with increased size, and the liner of the future will be practically independent of weather, and have no motion from the waves."

Mr. Hewitt is known for the invention of the famous light which bears his name and of many devices used on automobiles. His reputation is that of a conservative and careful, as well as brilliant observer. His new gliding boat has been seen and approved by many leading scientists. A larger model for which a speed of 70 miles an hour is confidently predicted, is now in process of construction.

## Woman's Telephone Graft.

"We've got to have our 'phone taken out or else move," said a little woman mournfully, the other day. "It's too expensive where we are now. Yes, the 'phone is the cause of it all. There's a woman in the suite back of ours who hasn't any 'phone and once I told her she could use ours. Since then she has put in about a dozen long distance calls at different times. After she's had a long distance conversation of about ten minutes she'll say, 'O, that'll be charged to you, won't it? Well, I'll hand you whatever it comes to in the morning.' But she never does. I never have the nerve to refuse her when she wants to telephone—she's always so nice about it. But she's making things mighty hard for us."

## One of the Important Duties of Physicians and the Well-Informed of the World

is to learn as to the relative standing and reliability of the leading manufacturers of medicinal agents, as the most eminent physicians are the most careful as to the uniform quality and perfect purity of remedies prescribed by them, and it is well known to physicians and the Well-Informed generally that the California Fig Syrup Co., by reason of its correct methods and perfect equipment and the ethical character of its product has attained to the high standing in scientific and commercial circles which is accorded to successful and reliable houses only, and, therefore, that the name of the Company has become a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy.

## TRUTH AND QUALITY

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing, therefore we wish to call the attention of all who would enjoy good health, with its blessings, to the fact that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to that end and the use of medicines dispensed with generally to great advantage, but as in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time, the California Fig Syrup Co. feels that it is alike important to present truthfully the subject and to supply the one perfect laxative remedy which has won the approval of physicians and the world-wide acceptance of the Well-Informed because of the excellence of the combination, known to all, and the original method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent of family laxatives, and as its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well-Informed of the world to be the best of natural laxatives, we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects always note, when purchasing, the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package, whether you simply call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—is the one laxative remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. and the same heretofore known by the name—Syrup of Figs—which has given satisfaction to millions. The genuine is for sale by all leading druggists throughout the United States in original packages of one size only, the regular price of which is fifty cents per bottle.

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## REMINGTON'S INDIAN STORY.

The Winnebago Reservation Choir Didn't Work Well.

Frederick Remington, the artist-author, has had about as strenuous a career as any man that ever touched pen or pencil to paper. He has spent a great deal of time among the Indians in the west. On one of his visits he ran into a story which he is fond of telling.

For some years there had been a Presbyterian mission at the Winnebago reservation in Nebraska, but there were few converts. The missionary hit on a brilliant plan. There were some bucks on the reservation who had been at the Carlisle school, where they had studied singing. He organized a quartet. The bucks liked to show off their hymns. One of them had a yellow dog that always accompanied his master to church.

At first the Indians liked the singing. Then they grew tired of it. Even the choir lost its religion. It became a trio; then a duet; finally the soloist. A new missionary came into the field. One day he ascended the pulpit and looked around. The only sign of life in the pews was a yellow dog. Calling to the sexton, he said, "Put that dog out!"

"Excuse me," replied the sexton mildly. "I'd rather not. The fact is, he is the only convert."—Saturday Evening Post.

## AUTOS AT A COYOTE DRIVE.

California Hunt Not as Successful as Had Been Hoped For.

A large crowd of San Joaquin county residents assembled at the Bollinger ranch, in the eastern part of the county, and enjoyed a coyote drive, which was not as destructive as the people of that district hoped for, as the animals kept out of sight and only a few were killed. Of late the coyotes have been killing sheep, pigs and chickens. The scarcity of dead animals has caused the coyotes to invade the ranches and give the farmer a lot of trouble. As a general rule, these animals seldom attack stock, but when driven to starvation they become bold.

It was with the hope that a large number would be killed that a general invitation was extended to the people to assemble and make a roundup. All kinds of vehicles, from the old fashioned top buggy to the latest in automobiles, were in evidence, and many men appeared on horseback and joined the chase. One drive was made in the forenoon and another in the afternoon, lunch being served between the two trips. Later another effort will be made to exterminate the troublesome animals.

## Homes for Birds.

Securing as permanent homes for the birds islands and remote tracts that are their favorite haunts is a humane and perfectly feasible plan of the Audubon society in this direction received a cordial indorsement from President Roosevelt. "This project of enlarging birdland by purchasing from private citizens breeding places in the island and coastal region of the Atlantic, Pacific and of the Gulf and of providing the birds in their homes with human guardians is one that may be depended upon to provide

## WISDOM FROM THE BENCH.

Prussian Judges Deliver Strange but Sensible Decisions.

The court at Schonsee was sitting to hear licensing cases, and especially pleas by the local saloonkeepers for an extension of the closing hour from 11 to 12:30. The saloonkeepers were supported by a great number of witnesses who testified that the whole town was for the change to the later hour. The judges retired to consider and when they appeared their chairman said: "We shall take great pleasure in granting the extension, but the plea must be supported by the signatures of at least ten married women." The saloonkeepers and their adherents have since been engaged in a fruitless search for these ten signatures. At Dortmund there was a girl with her baby before the court claiming support from a man whom she alleged was its father. The man denied the paternity and in a voluble manner, in reply to the questions of the court, pointed out the differences between his own features and those of the infant. "You're the father right enough," said the judge. "If you were not you would know nothing of the baby's looks. Twenty marks (\$5) a month."

## AIR FAMINE AND ITS EFFECTS.

People Slow in Recognizing Importance of Pure Air.

As buildings are now constructed and overheated, many people have to spend at least a part of their waking hours in a fetid atmosphere, says a writer in The Delineator. But there is no excuse for sleeping in such an atmosphere. We spend one-third of our lives in sleep; we also breathe more deeply when asleep than when awake, and we should sleep in the open air, or as near to it as possible. Walk through a residence street at night and look at the bedroom windows; they are all tightly closed. Occasionally one is a stinky three or four inches down from the top. This is done by some advanced individual to let out the bad air. If all the bad air went out of that room there would be no air left. There should be no bad air in a bedroom. Every window and door of the bedroom should stand wide open every night in the year. The air should be the same inside as outside. While asleep the lungs should be connected with outside air just as they are when we walk the street. Sufficient covering should be used to keep the body warm at night just as we put on sufficient clothing to keep it warm when we go outside. Only the face is exposed under both conditions.

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